

## Social and Personal

What do I see as I stand, I, in the sun-  
shine, alone,  
The door ajar in my hand, my foot on  
the threshold stone?  
What do I hear in the wind, whispering  
under the eaves?  
What do I hope to find—blossom, or fal-  
len leaves?  
Here, where the dullest, dim square of a  
window, long since blind,  
Registers, unaware, the desolate void be-  
hind.  
Here, across a tangled rose, trailing  
where the latch,  
Tenderness clings and grows up to the  
cumbrous thatch,  
Nay; but I see, but I hear, all that the  
years have wrought,  
Laughter, and smile, and tear; intimate  
jest and thought;  
Voices of those long dead, footsteps of  
those afar,  
Words that were left unsaid, kisses no  
time can mar.  
If I should venture in, I from the  
threshold stone,  
Say, should I find the thin ghost of my  
youth alone?  
Gazing at joys long fled, would not  
the silence be  
Sister, mocking, grim—crushingly near  
to me?  
Whisper thy sighs, O wind, roses, thy  
door defend;  
I, on the Road of Life, I will go on—to  
the end,  
All that we hold we lose, all that we  
give is given.  
We sail, find our own Beyond, and the  
fading will be Heaven.

### Full Week's Calendar.

The calendar of the week will be marked with many, many important episodes from a social standpoint inside of the Old Dominion, and out of it. At the Greenway White Sulphur Springs, where Miss Hildegarde and Miss Marian McTernan, daughter of Associate Justice McTernan, of the United States Supreme Court; Miss Sophie White, Miss Sallie Sutton, Miss Julie Osterlin, Miss Alice Stokes, and a score or more of lovely Richmond girls are reviving the reputation of the White as number one beautiful women at its August assemblies than any other Southern resort, everybody is looking forward to the big party of Senator Henry G. Davis, with the ball-room profusely decorated with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Paine, of Atlanta, Ga., leading the cotillon, and cotillon favors well worth keeping, to be distributed as souvenirs of the occasion. At Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Oelrichs' superb Newport home, is absorbing the undivided attention of the ultra-fashionable set.

The spacious rooms at "Rose Cliff," with their splendid decorations and furnishings, with fifty frame the magnificent gowns and jewels worn by the women, whose attendant cavaliers have been requested to appear in white satin knickerbockers and white silk stockings, although they may if they insist upon it, wear the regulation evening costume, ruffled with white satin stock and cuffs. The musicians and servants will have on white duck and all the cotillon favors are to be in white.

### Miss Lamb's House Party.

In Richmond the prevalent midsummer dullness has been pleasantly broken into by the merry echoes from Miss Bessie Lamb's house party, given in the charming suburban home of her parents, Captain and Mrs. John Lamb.

All kinds of amusements, riding and driving parties in the day, Casino parties in the evening, and a great deal of enjoyment at all times render the August days all too slow in their passing.

Miss Lamb's guests include Miss Fannie Hill, of Toronto, Canada; Miss Mary Gray, of Petersburg; Miss Douthett, Miss Wade and Miss Pulett, of Farmville, Va.; Mr. Wade and Mr. Pulett, of Fauquier, with a number of Miss Lamb's Richmond friends, make up the male contingent of the company.

### German at Bluefield.

A social event of the season was the German given at Bluefield Inn, Friday evening, by the Clover German Club, of Bluefield. The German was led by Jack Sample, whose unique figures added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The following couples participated: Mr. McColeen with Miss McGuffey, of Princeton; Chambers, of Eckman; with Miss Perkins; Mr. Tinsley with Miss May Jones, of Bramwell; Mr. Sample with Miss Bell; Dr. St. Clair with Miss Robertson, of New Orleans; Mr. O. L. Alexander with Miss Bowen, of Bramwell; Mr. A. B. Bonker with Miss Vingfield, of Rome, Ga.; Mr. R. W. Lucy with Miss Williams, of Rome, Ga.; Dr. McCue with Miss Hume, of Rome, Ga.; Mr. Ernest Burks with Miss Malone, of Bramwell; Mr. Brooks Birdsong, of Richmond, with Miss Pearl Buttons; Mr. Morehead, of Eckman, with Miss Williams, of Rome, Ga.; Mr. Deyerle with Miss Chambers, of Eckman; Mr. P. J. Alexander with Miss Colgan, of Columbus; Mr. Pearson, of Pearisburg, with Miss Davidson, of Philadelphia; Mr. Folk O'Keefe with Miss Ethel Bowen, of Bramwell; Mr. T. E. King with Miss Colan; Mr. R. C. Watts with Miss White,

# GOOD LUCK

MAKES BREAD THAT PATTERNS

# BAKING POWDER

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 263.

## Character of a Good Parson

ADAPTED FROM CHAUCER BY DRYDEN.

This interesting word picture of a parish priest originally appeared in the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer. Chaucer's language has for a long time been practically obsolete. For that reason, many have attempted to restore his poetical beauties in modern dress. Such attempts are generally failures. This extract from the adaptation of Dryden's, however, seems to preserve the spirit of the original in the "Canterbury Tales" and is supposed to be in close agreement with the original in the "Canterbury Tales" in England, where was a shrine to the memory of Thomas A. Becket, the archbishop, who was murdered in the Cathedral by emissaries of Henry II.

"Too fast" here has a meaning just the opposite of its present day significance. Chaucer's portrait and biographical sketch have already appeared in this series.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;  
An awful, reverend and religious man.  
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,  
And charity itself was in his face.  
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor  
(As God hath clothed his own ambassadors);  
For such, on earth, his blest Redeemer bore.  
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last  
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;  
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense;  
And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,  
But such a face as promised him sincere,  
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see;  
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity;  
Mild was his aspect, and his action free.  
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed;  
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed.  
For, letting down the golden chain from high,  
He drew his audience upward to the sky;  
And with his holy hymns he charmed their ears  
By music more melodious than the spheres;  
For David left him, when he went to rest,  
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.  
He bore his great commission in his look;  
But sweetly tempered awe; and so often he spoke,  
He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,  
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal;  
But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.  
He taught the gospel rather than the law;  
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.  
For fear but freezes minds, though love, like heat,  
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native heat.  
To thrills the sinner with becoming zeal;  
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared;  
But when the milder beams of mercy play,  
He melts, and throws his cumbersome cloak away.  
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)  
As harbingers before, the Almighty say:  
Those but proclaim his style and clasp;  
The sinner sound succeeds, and God is there.



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

of Chatham; Mr. Mason McNeer with Miss Vase, of Middle; Mr. Horace McNeer with Miss Dabney, of Baltimore; Mr. C. A. Burks with Miss Harding, of Pulaski; Mr. Z. W. Crockett with Miss Reese, of Bollington. The stage was Messrs. Higginbotham, of Tazewell; Wilson, Buven, Meyers, Smith and Patterson, Brantwell, Fred Jones, Pocahontas; C. Day, Bluefield.

Chaperones included Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mann, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cubbage, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Myron Marsh, and Messdames Jones and Bowen of Bramwell.

### Jefferson Park Chataqua.

The Jefferson Park Chataqua will open next Friday at the park, near Charlottesville, and will continue for ten days.

Concerts, dramatic readings, musical entertainments and lectures combine to make a prospective pleasant programme for those who are to attend the Chataqua. Mr. J. N. Collier, of this city, will deliver his famous lecture on the "Wandering Jew," August 19th, at 3 P. M. Many Richmond people will doubtless be among those present.

### Lawn Party Postponed.

The lawn party, scheduled to take place Wednesday evening, August 17th, on Mr. Edward Hyde's lawn, Forest Hill, has been postponed until Thursday, August 18th.

The ladies of Meade Memorial Church

## A STUDY IN SCARLET

PART I. (Being a Reprint from the Reminiscences of JOHN H. WATSON, M. D., late of the Army Medical Department.)

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

The reader may set me down as a hopelessly busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself. Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered how objectless was my life, and how little there was to engage my attention. My health forbade me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence. Under these circumstances, I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point. Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world. Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me. Burely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information, unless he had some definite end in view. Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning. No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy, and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be, and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican Theory and of the composi-

tion of the Solar System. That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth travelled round the sun appeared to be to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

"You appear to be astonished," he said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it I shall do my best to forget it."

"To forget it!"

"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic, and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so that the knowledge which might be useful to him gets crowded out, or at best is jumbled up with a lot of other things, so that he has a difficulty in laying his hands upon it. Now the skilled workman is very careful indeed as to what he takes into his brain-attic. He will have nothing but the tools which may help him in doing his work, but of these he has a large assortment, and all in the most perfect order. It is a mistake to think that the little room has elastic walls and can distend to any extent. Depend upon it, there comes a time when for every addition of knowledge you forget something that you know before. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones."

"But the Solar System!" I protested.

"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted impatiently. "You say that we go round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one. I postponed it until our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore all the know-

ledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him. I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed. I even took a pencil and jotted them down. I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it, and in this way:

1. Knowledge of Literature.—Nil.

2. Knowledge of Philosophy.—Nil.

3. Knowledge of Astronomy.—Nil.

4. Knowledge of Botany.—Variable.

5. Knowledge of Geology.—Practical, but limited. Tells at a glance of the structure of the earth.

6. Knowledge of Chemistry.—Profound.

7. Knowledge of Anatomy.—Accurate, but unsystematic.

8. Knowledge of Sensational Literature.—Immense. He appears to know every detail of every horror perpetrated in the annals of the world.

9. Knowledge of the Violin.—Well.

10. Is an expert single-stick player, boxer, and swordsman.

11. Has a good practical knowledge of British law.

When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in deep despair. I could only think that the fellow is driving at by recollecting all these accomplishments, and discovering a calling which needs them all. I said to myself, "I may as well give up the attempt at once."

As I had a mind to leave him, I picked up a book from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast. One of the articles had a pencil-mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

It was somewhat amusing to see "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate and systematic examination of all that came in his way.

Then I struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and of absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to me to be far-fetched and exaggerated. The writer claimed for a momentary expression, a twinkle of a muscle, or a glint of an eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts. Deceit, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were

as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid. So startling were his results, and so apparent to the uninitiated that, until they had arrived at them, they might well consider him as a necromancer.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the Science of Deduction and Analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and business, by the collection of which the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow-mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Puerile as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger-nails, by his coat sleeve, by his boots, by his trousers, by the callouses of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt-cuffs—by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fail to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable."

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table. "I never read such rubbish in my life!"

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my finger. "As I sat down to my breakfast, I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me, though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair loungers, who evolved all these little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow-travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked, calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"Yes, I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really extremely practical—so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked involuntarily.

(To be Continued to-morrow.)

Mary Connelly-Cox, will sail next week to spend some months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Davenport have gone to spend a month in travelling through Canada and the North.

Dr. and Mrs. George F. Clark and their little son, Garland, of Winchester, Ky., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wythe D. Anderson, at "The Shirley," No. 37 South Third Street.

Miss Ida Hunt, of Winchester, Ky., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wythe D. Anderson, of No. 37 South Third Street.

Miss Alberta Fry left Saturday to spend the remainder of the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fry, in Goodland county, Va.

Miss Estelle Russell, of Manchester, is spending her vacation with her friend, Miss Alberta Fry, in Goodland county, Va.

Dr. Edward Eggleston returned to the city yesterday after a delightful vacation of two weeks, the greater part of which was spent at Lake George, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sands and the Misses Sands, who were in New York city for the earlier part of the summer, have now returned home.

Miss Cathie Hardy, of No. 123 West Cary Street, left yesterday for Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit her friend, Miss Heckler.

Miss M. C. Donahoe is spending the month of August in the mountains of Virginia.

Miss Frazier Evans left the city Wednesday for Beaver Dam, Hanover county.

Miss Allie Evans is at Point Eastern, Caroline county, for the month of August.

Miss Ruth Totty leaves to-day for a month's visit to the home of her sister, Mrs. Ellis C. Richardson, on Chesapeake Bay, Kilmarnock, Va.

Mrs. P. C. Jones, accompanied by her three grandchildren, Rachel, Harmon and Irvin Mankin, has returned from a very pleasant stay at Otterburn Springs, Mass. S. P. Farmer, of Charlottesville, is now the guest of her mother, Mrs. Jones.

Miss Grace Carmichael, of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends and acquaintances at No. 704 North Fifth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Cutchin are visiting Mr. Cutchin's parents at Whitaker's, N. C. Before their return they will go to Asheville, N. C., to see Mrs. Cutchin's sister, Miss Ruby Brauer, who is at Whitaker's for her health.

Miss Anna M. Conway, of Hamilton, O., is the guest of Mr. J. H. Bradley, at No. 15 South Second Street.

Miss Katherine M. Elkins, the debutante daughter of Senator Elkins, and the granddaughter of the Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency, ex-Senator Davis, is travelling abroad with her mother. She is an expert horse-woman, and though not yet formally out, frequently rides after the bounds with the Chevy Chase Hunt Club.

Mrs. F. W. Sims and daughter, Miss Maria Kimbrough Sims, of Louisa, visited relatives in Richmond last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kline have returned to their home in Richmond after a delightful visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Southgate, in Ghent.

Richmond visitors to friends in Norfolk, Va., include Miss Sarah Forbes, Mrs. Julia Sizer and Miss Betty Christian.

Messrs. Bertram and Arthur Chesterman are visiting their brother, Mr. Aubrey Chesterman, in Lynchburg, Va.

Miss M. J. Robins is at Louisa, Va., where she is staying in the home of Mrs. Lucy Goodwin.

Miss Amelia Smith, Governor Smith's daughter, spent last winter in Richmond. She is the president of the Warrenton Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and a director of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association.

Miss Mary Urner is visiting Miss Lucille Rosenberger in Harrisburg.

### Must Stay at Home.

Bottle Washington, colored, was disorderly after 12 o'clock Sunday night. "Didn't tell you niggers to stay in the house at night? Give the sergeant \$2.50," said justice John yesterday.

Burnett's Vanilla Extract Used and highly endorsed by all leading hotels.—adv.

## RAREST RELICS IN SMALLEST CHURCH

Precious Collection Exhibited to Bohemian Catholic Congregation in East 77th Street.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

NEW YORK, August 15.—In the smallest Roman Catholic Church in the city a reliquary, said to be one of the most precious and representative of any in America, was shown at mass yesterday morning in the Bohemian Church of St. John, in East Seventy-first Street, by the Rev. John Theophilus Prout.

Authenticated by the Vatican and accompanied by a certificate signed in 1842 by Cardinal Patrizi, then in charge of the Vatican collection of sacred relics, there is affixed to a small gold and silver altar behind the sealed doors of the little cabinet a collection that cannot fail to impress the devout.

In the center, upon a silver cross, is a little piece of wood said to be a portion of the cross on which Christ was crucified. Near this is a part of the red robe worn by the Saviour after the scourging, part of the suppelchre, a scrap of the table of the Last Supper, a shred of the rope used to bind Jesus, a piece of the pillar at which He was scourged, a splinter of the crib that held Christ child, a bit of soil from the grave of the Blessed Virgin and a piece of the cloak of St. Joseph.

Alongside the columns supporting the altar are affixed small pieces of the bones of the twelve apostles.

### ADRIFF IN THE YORK.

Richmond Party Has Unpleasant Experience with Launches.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen who were spending the evening at West Point Sunday had a rather unusual experience.

The party, composed of Misses Mary Gillen, Goldie Shiffert and Louise Buger and Messrs. E. J. Boyd, E. G. Boyd, G. P. Spencer, Frank Roams and Harold Nielsen, hired one of the launches to take a ride out over the water. When about a mile from West Point the electric power attached to the vapor engine played out and rendered the boat helpless, and in such a predicament the launch began to float down the river with the tide, and had gotten below the lighthouse before any assistance was rendered.

Once the small launch and party were taken in tow by the "Lady Bess," and when in about a mile of West Point the engine of the "Bess" refused to work. The party, in order to catch the train for Richmond, were ferried from the

## DAILY FASHION HINTS.



### Girl's Box-Pleated or Norfolk Frock.

No. 4283.—Box pleated effects in girl's dresses continue in favor. Dresses in this mode are especially appropriate for this season's wash materials. In the design shown here, the pleats, extending from neck to lower edge of dress, are attached to waist depth below waist, the pleats open out, giving a pretty flare to the skirt. For a pretty little dress that combines both style and simplicity, this is a good model to follow. If a dressy appearance is desired, a lace collar and a patent leather belt would add to the appearance of the dress. Skirt, pique, galates, mercerized cotton or cashmere will develop satisfactorily.

\*Materials required for six-year child, 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.

Sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. A paper of the pattern directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., Nos. 136-140 West Twenty-third Street, New York. When ordering, please do not fail to mention number and to indicate the use of this coupon is from The Times-Dispatch.

No. 4283.

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**Sexton's Low-Down Radiating Hot Air Furnace,** for which we are "SOLE AGENTS."

We would be pleased to give you an estimate. We have put in a great many of them, and every one is giving perfect satisfaction. Do not fail to see us.

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**Virginia Steel Ranges.** Expert Tinsmiths and Sanitary Plumbers.

**JOHN H. ROSE & CO.** No. 1427 E. Main Street.



## The Best Ginger Ale Made To-Day.

We know what Golden Crest Lithia Ginger Ale is made of, and we know precisely well what other ginger ales are made of. We know what we're talking about when we say that ours is 100 per cent. the best.

Read this:—

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May 4, 1903.

Virginia Lithia Springs Co.,

Dear Sirs.—Although handling your Golden Crest Lithia Ginger Ale but a short while and without any special ceremony, find that where once placed it is sure to duplicate; this certainly speaks well for the quality.

S. HIRSCHMANN & SON.

If these goods will go without being pushed, how much better should they go if pushed a little!

Summer is coming, remember.

Bottled at springs of

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